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THE
Historical PART

OF

Mr. Thomas Hurdman's
D I S T E M P E R,

Of which he Died

OCTOBER the 26th, 1730.

Published in *Latin* by Dr. WILLIAM
GRÆME, his First Physician, and now
put into *English*; with some Material and
Necessary Remarks and Corrections.

By ISAAC MASSEY, Apothecary to
Christ's Hospital.

Nec me ignorantia, Veri decipiet.

Pudet hæc opprobia nobis.

Dici potuisse & non potuisse refelli.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*,
M DCC XXX. [Price 6 d.]

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THE
Historical PART
OF

Mr. *Thomas Hurdman's*
DISTEMPER, &c.



DOCTOR *William Græme*
having publish'd an Hi-
story of the Disease of
which Mr. *Thomas Hurd-*
man dyed, it is thought
proper to correct some Faults therein,
and make it more agreeable to Truth
and Fact.

B

After

After the Author hath wish'd (*a very silly good Wish, which will never come to pass, viz.*) That Physicians might arrive at such Perfection in their Art, as to be able to determine with Certainty, concerning the Nature and Kinds of all Distempers, and their proper Remedies, (*He is wisely of Opinion*) that then it would be no hard Matter for such a Doctor to determine whether his Patient was curable or not.

His next Meditations are very grave and instructive, and favour much of the Divine Old Man; but whether such come so well from a profane Young Man, let the Fathers in Physick Answer.

In his second Paragraph, he says, that Mr. Hurdman's Distemper, *according to his Understanding*, was not Mortal, Minime Lethalis. In the next he describes his Patient Cap-a-pe intus & in Cute, and that he was a healthy Man, had

had got well over the Small-Pox, *which by the Way was Mali Moris* of the Confluent Kind, *and against my Will*, under my sole Management *fifteen Years ago*, unde optime evasit, neque aliquid reperitum fuit quod reliquias, Ullius morbi prægressi ullibi latentes notabat. When I read this, I suspected *some Mistake*, and that it was Dr. Græme, *under whose superior Skill and Care* he was so well recovered; for surely had he known *that the Apothecary, whose inæptiæ præsagientes, he was not pleased with, was the Person to whose Skill and Care* he was committed, he would never have said such fine Things of *his Recovery*. He says likewise, that he was of a chearful Temper, and lov'd Dancing, and took a Glas now and then freely.

Now we come to the Matter in Hand, he says that on the fifteenth of *October* last, this Gentleman drank Wine too freely on the other Side the River, and came home by Water about one o'Clock

in the Morning; the Air being very cold, and went to Bed.

All that Night, and the Day following, being the sixteenth, and the first of his Disease, he was Sick and Feverish, complaining of Pain in his Head and Back, (*Spinæ Dorsī inferioris*) but having drank Posset-Drink, and other small Liquors, the Night following he fell into a Sweat: And the next Day being the seventeenth, and second of his Fever, he thought himself well enough to go about his Business; but in the Evening his Fever and Pains return'd; However, falling again into a Sweat he was reliev'd. All this the Historian says he was told.

The eighteenth Day, about the Evening, Dr. *Græme* made this Patient the first Visit, and found, as he himself says, his Pulse quick, his Flesh hot, his Thirst great, complaining of Pains in his Head and Back. Here I beg Leave to stop a little,

little; and ask the physical Reader, Whether there is a Man to be found who ever read a Pharmacopœia, or knows any of the Leges Medicæ he talks of, that would not have immediately taken away Blood from such a sanguine Athletick Man?

His Urine, which he forgot here to mention, as I am inform'd, was exceedingly high coloured, though he had drank in great Plenty of Posset-Drink, &c. to allay his Thirst and Heat.

But it seems this Instructor in the Laws of Physick had his Reasons for not letting his Patient Blood, and for not prescribing, and therein he confesses more Ignorance than he intended, Ego qui fœlix adeo non sum ut degenio Febris cujusunque primo intuitu judicem, nihil ista Nocte præscripsi, &c. What! a Professor of Physick, not to know a Fever of any sort, after three Days Invasion, when all the Symptoms and Circumstances of it were truly related, and seen and observed by

by himself. Yet so it happened, for he went away, and prescribed nothing that Evening, except to drink plentifully of Barley Water and small Posset-Drink.

What a sad Condition must a Patient be in, with such a helpless Doctor, who after three Days lost, if his Reckoning were true, took twenty four hours time more before he could think of any thing that might relieve him. Did not this Doctor hereby transgress one of the Leges Medicæ, the first Rule in the Cure of Diseases?

*Principiis Obstæ, serâ Medicina paratur.
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.*

October the 19th, and the 4th of the Disease (the 3d it should be) the Doctor visited his Patient again, and says that he had had an easy and quiet Night, Noctem sat placidam habuit, his Pulse not so quick, his Pain little, his Thirst abated, and scarcely any Fever; having sweat all Night; However, his Tongue was

was very dry, and cover'd with a Yellow Foulness, and he had Inclinations to Vomit all Night long, and a bitter Taste in his Mouth; (*pray Readers reconcile the Patient's having an easy quiet Night, with his Inclination all Night to Vomit, and a bitter Taste in his Mouth*) he had besides a yellowish inflammatory Cast in his Eyes, and the Urine, which was by his Command sav'd, was thick, and as *Hypocrates* describes, like that of labouring Cattle. *But why is this Simile lugg'd in here without shewing the Truth or Falsity of the Aphorism, which says, that Beast-like Urine in Fevers denote Pains in the Head, either present or approaching, and this was remarkably true in the present Case.*

A fierce yellowish Cast in the Eyes of an Horse is taken for a certain Indication that he should lose Blood, tho' no Fever present, and the Farrier's Judgment is approved by general Experience.

Now

Now to what purpose did this Doctor observe that Symptom in his Patient unless he knew what to infer and do in consequence of it? However, he now took Pen in hand, and order'd a Vomit to be taken in the Evening, which, though very proper, yet, in those Circumstances, should have been preceeded by Phlebotomy, according to known Laws of Physick, for fear that hard Straining should impell the Blood with Violence, and cause Extravasation and the Rupture of the fine Vessels in the Brain.

This is the Second of the *Leges Medicæ*, he hath infring'd in two Visits, I will not add my Suspicion of another; I mean the Addition of Laudanum to his Potion after his Vomit, though many Physicians would not have given it so early in a Fever, and he had a very bad Night after it, which he says, that he expected, Page 10.

The Prescriber now addresses the Learned Sons of *Apollo*, that they would tell

tell him what this Disease was which he hath placed before their Eyes.

I believe they need not take so much time to consider as he did himself, but to let that pass, he now thinks the Diagnosticks shew it to be of the intermit- tent Kind, tho' there was not, as far as I the Apothecary could find, after a very critical Enquiry, the least Symptom of any Intermission, which he himself owns,
Page 5.

He hath made (I will not say a wilful) but a material Mistake in this History to countenance his Notion of an Intermitting Fever.

It is this, he makes his Friend get his Dose of Wine on the other Side the Water, on the 15th Day of October, and the 16th Day to be the first of his Fever, and the 17th Day to be an Intermittent; whereas he got his Dose of Wine on the 16th, and his Fever began the 17th Day
C of

of October. This Observation ruins all his Pretences to Intermision thro' the Course of it, as he himself has stated it. Heri febricitabat Ager, *i. e.* on the 16th before he was sick Hodie vix, *i. e.* on the 17th he had scarcely any Fever, which was the next Day after his Intemperance, &c. and consequently a very bad Day, and first of his Fever.

Again, Heri, *i. e.* the 18th Day de dolore conquerebatur, Hodie *i. e.* the 19th non Ita, he had no Complaint. I need not surely tell the Reader that a Mistake in the Beginning of an Account, and carried quite through it, though there should be no Error besides, will make the Sum Total false, an Igitur (how prettily it comes in) est Febris intermittens? Sane verisimile, though he immediately adds that no remarkable Coldness or Shivering preceeded the Paroxysm.

Going on still again in the same Blunder, he asks again, an Igitur est febris Remittens

mittens & ad genium intermittentium accedens, res equidem minime improbabilis videtur, and then he quotes the famous Sydenham, who did not use to argue on fundamental Error, but on the Truth of Fact; however, it looks handsomely in a Latin Author to make use of Learned Authorities, though nothing to the Matter in hand.

He goes on with his Lucubrations, and by and by asks again, quo in Loco ponitur Ager, Page 6, and soon after saith, si continua remittens, which he is now willing to compound for and admit, rather than that the Distemper should be thought what it really was, a continued inflammatory Putrid Eruptive Fever.

Again, jam agitur Dies quartus, says he, symptomata statim mitissima sunt, functione nulla multum læsa, non vehementer igitur procedit ad æxum Morbus, vitalia sunt illæsa, an magnum itaque imminet periculum? revera non.

What I remark on these Lines is, that as Dr. Græme mistakes the Day, for it was but the third Day of his Sickness, so also doth he by inevitable Consequence almost every thing he says of it, as appears also by Mrs. Hurdman's Account, which is herewith Printed, and Sign'd with her Hand.

She says, he was very ill, and in great Pain, all that Day, and grew worse and worse. Mr. Hurdman himself, the next (and first Day I saw him) gave me the like Account.

His Reasonings about Bleeding, Blistering, and Cardiacks, &c. which follows, let the Learned and experienced Doctors Answer; however, they were not, in this Case, made use of till the 6th Day of a Raging Fever without any Intermission.

In forty Years Observation I never saw any such Fever that had not some short Alleviations and Remissions, which too often deceive and mock the Expectation and Hopes of the Physician, as well as the Friends of the Patient.

It was upon this third Day of the Fever, (which for the sake of making two intermitting Days in four, Dr. Græme is pleased to call the fourth of his Sickness) that he prescribed a Vomit and Draught before mentioned, without first opening a Vein, and a very bad Night ensued, *Vide* Page 10.

The next Day, being *Tuesday* the 20th of *October*, and the fourth of his Sickness (but in the Doctor's way of reckoning the fifth) the Apothecary was sent for.

Before I saw Mr. *Hurdman*, I had no Notion of this Danger, but to my great Surprize and Trouble, I found him in

a most exalted Fever, with violent Pain in his Head and Back, all down the Spina dorsi, his Pulse very rapid and strong, his Urine very high colour'd, his Tongue like a Brick, and no Quantity of Liquid could allay his Heat and Thirst; I ask'd him why he was not in Bed, his Answer was, the Doctor forbid him lying in Bed: I ask'd him again, if the Doctor had taken away Blood, his Answer was, that the Doctor did not approve of his Bleeding: he had no Stool in four or five Days. I ask'd him if any Clyster, or what was order'd for him; upon this the Doctor's Bill was call'd for, and finding that he had order'd the *Sal. Absinthij* and *Succus Limon.* &c. to be taken every sixth Hour, and a cold Emulsion for him to drink about a Quarter of a Pint every two Hours, I was apprehensive that he had mistook his Distemper, having never observ'd such a Method used in the Beginning of Inflammatory Putrid Fevers, immediately arising upon hard Drinking and catching a Cold, which the Country Folks express by the Word *Surfeit*.

I, like a silly Man, was afraid, and thought this very cold Treatment would hinder a Diaphoresis, and the Intention of Nature in the Work of Expulsion: In short, I advis'd him not to take them 'till I could speak with the Prescriber.

He was sent for in great Haste, and was so good to come to my House; I then frankly told him, that I apprehended the Patient was in a most dangerous Inflammatory Fever, without any Intermission, as it often happens in Crapulary Distempers.

I express'd my Surprise that he should forbid his lying in Bed, and that no Blood had been taken away, both which, every Symptom seem'd loudly to call for.

He being of another Opinion, answered me, that he took his Disease to be of the Intermittent Kind: I pray'd him to say upon what he founded that Opinion, there appearing to me not the least Ground for it;
his

his Answer was, that he believ'd it would prove so, and that I was apprehensive of more Danger than there really was in his Case: But I reply'd, Sir, what if you should be mistaken, and the Fever prove to be of a Putrid Eruptive Malignant Kind, as it plainly appears to me, will not this cold Regimen, and his being kept out of Bed, hinder the Efforts of Nature, the *Medicus morborum* in the Work of Concoction and Expulsion, which she is now labouring to effect.

Bleeding and Blystering, and moderate Diaphoreticks, will be too late if any more Time be lost, this being the fourth Day of his Fever.

He heard this silly Prate of the Apothecary (as he calls it) with Patience, and I further told him, that the Method he had prescrib'd, I believed would kill him; to which he reply'd, God forbid.

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I desired him to go again, and see his Patient, before he proceeded; he did, and return'd to my House, with a Resolution that Mr. *Hurdman* should *take his Prescription as directed*. I never was more troubled at any thing in Practice in my Life.

This unfortunate Patient had four of the Draughts, and one Quart of the cold Emulsion which he took before the next Visit with six Drams of Diacodium in it, he being directed to take three Ounces of it every two Hours, by which he found himself much easier and cooler than before. Doth not Diacodium call for some Thanks in this Place?

The next Day was the fifth of his Fever, and not the sixth, being *Wednesday October 21*. which was, if any, a Day of Remission, though the Doctor, by

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his

his Blundering, makes it almost as bad a Day as any.

He came in the Morning, and found the Sick in a Sweat, complaining of a bad Night, yet his Pains were not so bad as they had been two Days before: In short, he gives a very bad Account of him, and then asks, Quid jam Statuendum de Morbi Natura: He again ask'd if he had had any Coldness or Shivering; the Answer was no: And then again, an Aliquid mutandum in sententia quam heri concipimus? equidem non multum, Page 11.

What the Doctor says, Page 12. of the Apothecary's coming in his Absence, (the Day before, it should be) and giving the Patient leave to drink Wine, six or seven Glasses, is not true. See Mrs. *Hurdman's* Account.

He hath plac'd his Prescription as on this Day wrong, Page 12. it being *prescribed*

scribed the Day before, on the fourth of his Sickness, when I had my inæptiæ præficientes, or silly Discourse with him, as mentioned above, I then also persuaded him to order a Clyster Mr. Hurdman having had no Stool since his Illness, to which at last he consented, Page 13.

On this fifth Day, it was after he had taken the Draughts and Emulsion præscrib'd the Day before, that I met the Doctor at Mr. Hurdman's, when I found the Sick out of Bed, about ten or eleven in the Morning; he told me then that he thought himself better, all his Pains and Heat being abated; I found his Pulse beat not so high nor strong, but quick, his Thirst less, and his Urine much the same it had been: I was glad to find that he had any Relief, and wish'd it might continue, and told the Doctor that Nature had been very kind to afford him so kindly a Diaphoresis or Sweat, non Obstantibus Medicamentis, Page 14. but I did not think or say to any one, that the Sick was Well, *Ægrotum jam penitus a morbo*

*liberatum esse, & Nullum esse Metum recidivæ, Page 14. All this is injuriously and falsely said of the Apothecary, who attributed this delusive Remission to the Coldness and Anodyne Quality of his Medicines, yet not willing to say any thing that might discourage the Patient: However, this was but a short Apyrexia or Interval, and when the Apothecary went away, told him before the Doctor, if his present Temper continued, he had made a quick and lucky Escape, or Words to that Effect; the Doctor order'd the Antipyretick Draughts and Emulsion to be repeated: I saw him not until next Morning, the sixth Day of his Fever, (but the seventh of the Doctor) when he asks again, Page 15. *an redibit Febris? certe, tertiana enim non tam cito sponte sua finitur; sponte sua,* as if he had done nothing in his own Opinion that could prevent it.*

The Night preceeding this Day (having had four more of the Antipyretick Saline Draughts) was, as dolorous as ever Patient

tient out-liv'd, according to Mr. Hurdman's own Account, his Fever being driven into his Head, and Spina Dorſi, with ſuch Torturous convulſive Pains and Shoots, the moſt terrible I ever heard complain'd of.

And to give the Doctor his Due, Page 17. he pleads Guilty: *Quid jam rei eſt? Paroxiſmus tempore præviſo, licet Paulo maturius advenit, calor etiam ſine frigore ſenſibili invaſit, dolores quam antea vehementiores. Unde hæc omnia? an ex præſcriptis?*

Ego qui Veritatis indagacionem, omni arti qua fama quærenda eſt antepono, ſic puto; forte Uſus Hauſtus Salini modo dicto, qui eſt maxime fundens, Nimis movebat Sanguinis Maſſam, unde calorem excitatum ante tempus Invaſionis frigus præcaviſſe, & Materiem morbi nimis celeriter in Muſculorum & Ligamentorum circa lumbos involucra, & in Cranij membranas pulſam fuiſſe. Certiſſime, &c.

&c. Sed ex juvantibus & Lædentibus optime discit Medicus.

This looks as if the Doctor was trying an Experiment, but he should have remember'd that such are not to be made but in desperate Cases; in this, almost in every Page, he says there was no Danger.

Now 'tis my Turn to ask, Was the Patient not the worse for these Medicines? Nimis movebant sanguinis Massam, Nimis celeriter materiem Morbi in spinam Dorsi & in Cranij membranas pulsam fuisse, Page 17.

On this Morning early, the Doctor and Apothecary were both sent for out of their Beds. I did not care to go before I thought the Doctor was come, when I found the Patient out of his Bed; but soon after the Doctor came into the Room, I then ask'd him what he thought of his Patient now; he said little, or else I don't remember what he

he said, but I told Mr. Hurdman before his Face, that I thought he ought to have the Advice of another to Consult with Dr. Græme, which he readily desired, and that he lik'd Dr. Beaufort, whom I had mentioned : And to this Dr. Græme agreed.

Page 18. After a long Defence of his Practice, he proceeds, Dies jam agebatur Morbi Septimus, (it should be Sextus) mensis vicesimus secundus, ægrum uti dictum est mane vocatus invisebam, quam in statu modo descripto, reperiëbam. Sed ante meum adventum, aderat iterum Pharmacopœus, qui se ipsum quam maxime idoneum ad artem exercendam medicam existimat, & ægro longa consuetudine junctus fuerat; ille multum increpans, nullum potentius uti aiebat remedium fuisse tentatum, suavit alium vocare medicum, cujus forte methodus cum sua magis congrueret sententia.

This

This Surmise of his is partly true, and about Noon, on that Day, the Apothecary return'd, and brought Dr. Beaufort, who after he had seen and examin'd the Patient, prescribed for him with as much Judgment as Hypocrates himself could have done had he been here; and there is no Doubt, had that Method been taken from the Beginning, but the Patient would have been alive on this Day.

The first thing that Dr. Beaufort order'd, was, that he should lose Blood, which was the most inflam'd I ever saw, it had a proportionable Quantity of yellow Serum, the Surface of the Globulous Part had some few Discolourations, and the rest of a bright red; but what I think was very remarkable, and seldom to be seen, is that from between the Surface of it to the bottom of the Porringer, which is almost in all Fevers of a blackish or dark Complexion, in this the Globulous

bulous Part was throughout of the most flaming bright Scarlet Colour, that ever I saw upon the Surface of any Blood whatsoever; its dusky or blackish Sediment was not thicker than a Six-Pence.

This Blood was no sooner taken away, but he found ease, insomuch that in less than an Hour, he was exulting and rejoicing in the most extravagant Manner, saying, That he was in Paradise, in Heaven, and that he never experienced so much Pleasure in his Life.

An Author treating of Venesection, saith thus, That nothing gives such immediate Relief, for by Blood-letting the Heat of the Blood, and consequently its Velocity, proceeding from whatever Cause, may be thereby abated; and not only its Velocity and Heat, but also its Viscidity, whether from an Acid, or from any other coagulating and Putrid Matter, may in a great Measure be destroyed; and therefore in all Cases

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where

where the Blood is too much agitated, and in Motion, or where it is too much thicken'd, Blood-letting is required. But Dr. *Græme*, Page 21. goes on, *Quid expectare fas est a Methodo jam proposita? Venesectio, sine dubio, dolores si qui restant, & symptomata omnia mitigabit; sed ad morbum quid facit? What! give Ease and Relief to all the Pains and Symptoms of a Disease and the Patient never the better! If I am not mistaken, take away the Pains and Symptoms of a Distemper, and the Patient is growing well apace.*

Head-ach, Back-ach, violent Pains in the Head, excessive Heat and Thirst, and the tumultuous Exagitation of the Blood and Spirits, being lessened and taken away, (if this had been done in the Beginning of his Fever) by Blood-letting only, must surely be great Advantages gain'd over the Enemy, though he should still keep the Field of Batle a little longer.

Yet

Yet he asks, *Quid ad morbum faciet Venesectione*, and at the same time allows it to have had such good Effects, Page 21. Dear Foy, I much suspect your Country, but let him answer, *sane turbabit concoctionem jam inceptam, & expulsionem Materiæ Morbosæ*: This is false Doctrine in the present Case, for the Petechial Eruptions came powdering out in less than twelve Hours after Blood-letting, as the Reader will see presently.

But to go on with Doctor Beaufort's Method: Soon after his Bleeding Blisters were apply'd, and every thing else done that was proper in the Sequel of the Distemper, for Nature, the *Medicus Morborum*, as soon as she had received any Help, assail'd the Disease *totis viribus*, and Eruptions or Exanthemata of the Petechial sort upon the Patients keeping his Bed, and pursuing the Method now prescrib'd, came hastily out, and he was full of them from his Shoulders down to his Thighs on Friday Morning, the second Day of

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Dr.

Dr. Beaufort's Attendance, who had then prescrib'd him a Clyster, upon which Occasion they were discover'd, and upon a farther Search, appeared powdering out all over him.

If Dr. Beaufort had been first and early consulted, this Eruption, according to all Probability, and the Leges Medicæ, would have been out on Monday, or Tuesday before, and then Nature might have contrasted the Enemy with Success, and would have had at least four or five Days time more, to finish the Work of Concoction and Expulsion; but the loss of so much Time was the loss of so much Strength and natural Vigour as a Raging Malignant Fever could in that Period of Time destroy.

The next Day, being the 23d of October, and the 7th of the Patient, Dr. Græme would not Visit as a Physician, but came as a Friend, to see how Matters went, and was told that the Sick had a pretty good Night, only his Blisters had vexed him with Pain in making Water ;

Water: He ask'd what Dr. *Beaufort's* Opinion was now, *Dixerunt Medicum* *Hodie pronunciaſſe ægrum jam extra periculi aleam poſitum eſſe*; this is miraculous, and ſaid only to make the Doctor as ridiculous as Dr. *Græme* hath made himſelf.

Page 22. Dr. *Græme*, to ſhew his *ſuperior Skill in Prognosticks*, advertiſed the Perſons preſent that the Sick would be very bad the Night following, and that there was no Hope of his Recovery, but that he would not die till the eleventh Day of his Fever. O ſtrange! that the Doctor, who could ſee no Danger before, was ſo quick-ſighted now another was call'd in who diſliked his preceding Method; but he was out again, as he had been every Day in the foregoing Hiſtory, for Mr. *Hurdman* died the tenth Day of his Sickneſs, at nine in the Morning. *Vide Page 23, 24.*

The Doctor is now for giving ſome Reaſons by way of Excuse for his Conduct.

Queſt. 1.

Quest. 1. Is not the Practice of Physick very difficult, insomuch that a Physician cannot possibly learn in one Moment (*who ever said that he could*) every thing necessary to be known in a Distemper before he comes to prescribe? He can sift out or learn but little from the Relation of the Sick, and nothing from his Attendants, his Nurse, or the Apothecary, who might be employed before he was sent for. A Doctor may get Fame and Reputation among Idiots, who can so easily, and without any Trouble, understand much of a Distemper; but every Man who ever entered the Temple of *Æsculapius* will condemn such a vain Pretender to Physick.

This Question is as silly as the attending Observations are false, for every Physician receives the best Light that can be from the Account the Sick gives of himself, if he is in his Senses, and can speak; and more Light still from the Nurse and Apothecary,
if

if the Prescriber is not too conceited to ask Questions.

His next Question is of the same Stamp: Do the Doctors believe that any one general Method of curing Fevers will serve in all Cases? *I say no, because I have not observ'd any such Practice, they vary their Method of curing Fevers, as Fevers vary or differ one from another, and according to their Judgments.*

But Thirdly. His next Question is very smart. Is it Credible, that an ignorant Apothecary, who never saw the inside of an Human Body, and is a perfect Stranger to antient Physical Learning, should be able to judge rightly of Diseases? *Here he supposes that an Apothecary knows not any thing in Anatomy or antient Physical Learning: Doth not this Dear Jey of a Professor hit himself a damnable Box on the Ear? for I have seen a Gentleman who was his Fellow Apprentice in an Apothecary's Shop. But to answer*

swer this extraordinary Question fully; was
 the old Apothecary, the famous Dr. Bar-
 nard, and Dr. Quincy, the present Dr.
 Maningham, (Sir Richard, I should have
 said) Dr. Loyd, and many others, both in
 Town and Country; were they, I say,
 such ignorant Mortals when they kept Apo-
 thecaries Shops? Is there any Drug or
 Medicine there which render us less inqui-
 sitive or capable than other Men? They
 certainly have good Advantages and Op-
 portunities to acquire Empirical Knowledge
 at least, which was the only medical Learn-
 ing of the first Grecian Physicians. It
 was not the Philosophy of the Divine Old
 Man that gave him Experience and Know-
 ledge in the Art of Healing; nor was
 it his ill Success, i. e. the *Lædentibus* that
 this wise Man speaks of, *ex quibus Op-
 time discit Medicus*, Page 17. which
 puts me in Mind of a Story:

A Gentleman being advised to a Do-
 ctor of great Fame and Skill, ask'd him
 when

when he made his first Visit, how many Patients he had kill'd; the Doctor, after some Pause, reply'd, Twenty nine; the Patient answer'd, he was sorry he could not take his Advice, for he had made a Resolution never to take the Advice of any Physician who had not kill'd thirty.

The Art of Healing, I think, is best learned from the *Fervantibus*, not *optime ex Ludentibus*, as our good Man would have, 'tis Experience in good Success that makes a good Doctor; and there is no Student in Physick hath such frequent Opportunities to observe either good or bad, for the first seven or eight Years, as the Apothecary.

The Greek Physicians were both Surgeons and Apothecaries; and in those Days, the *Ars componendi* was no Reflection on the Doctor's Ability.

And seeing Anatomy is now much better Understood and Taught, and easier Learn'd than it was two thousand Years ago, the modern Apothecary must

be very idle and incurious if he be a Stranger to it; and though there are few that excell in that Science, it being more necessary for Surgeons than Physicians, and fewer still, that are good Scholars, who apply to any Learning but the Business of the Shop and Doctor's File: Yet some there are among them, I doubt not, that might enter the Temple of *Æsculapius*, and be never the wiser for all the musty Records there; having seen and learn'd under the Practice of much better Physicians and Philosophers than the Antients, with whom this *Vendicator in Practice* pretends to have such intimate Acquaintance: Besides, as all, or the greatest Part of Physical Learning lies before the Apothecary's Eyes in his Mother Tongue, the Practical Parts of which are much more simple, less confuted, and better accommodated to this Climate than what was in Use or observ'd in any other two or three Thousand Years ago: What (but Laziness, or the want of good natural

tural Parts) should hinder (some of them at least) some that are not Idle and Ignorant from being able to judge rightly of Diseases, and as well as this worthy Gentleman himself, who was bred an Apothecary.

Hypocrates, and the other Greek Physicians, wrote in the Language of their Country; And were they ever thought the worse Physicians and Philosophers for that? Supposing that Mens Genius and natural Capacity were much on a Par, there would be little Difference in their respective and particular Attainments, but what would arise from their more or less Application to Business, their Possessions of the Goods of Fortune and Opportunities of Improvement. *Dij laboribus omnia Vendunt*: A very ingenious Writer observes, that Galen was the first Theorist in Physick, and that he never saw the Inside of any human Body, though he publish'd a Treatise of Anatomy. The Crasis or Discrasia, the Lensor or Stimulus, and other Male Affections

fections of the Fluids are not discoverable by Dissection.

Before his Time, Empirice was the only Way to know and understand the Cure of Diseases; and the present learned Sons of *Apollo* are forc'd to own the Expediency of it, and the Vanity of Theoretic Knowledge without it: For *as* the Diagnosis and Prognosis, as well as the Juvantia, were pick'd up by Observation; so the same Method will still make the same skilful Physician.

It must surely be very hard and unreasonable to imagine, that an inquisitive Mind, assisted with frequent Opportunities of making Observation, which divers Apothecaries, have been, and now are, happily furnish'd with, and whose proper Business leads them necessarily a great way into the medical Affairs: 'Tis hard, I say, that such should be tyed down to perpetual Ignorance by those that too much value themselves upon academical Advantages: the Want of which I am not unsensible of, and think my self unhappy only on that Account.

If

If this Interrogator would be content to part with his Omniscience, and measure himself by the Opinion of others who know him better than he knows himself, he would learn to speak well of some, at least, Princes, in the Faculty of Physick, whose great Plenty of Business 'tis likely he may look upon with an envious Eye and a Spirit of Detraction. This scandalous Method of getting the Estimation of the Ignorant, seldom or never succeeds; and had the Doctor consulted the prating Apothecary before he had publish'd his History, he would not have been exposed to the Danger of a Prosecution for scandalizing a worthy Member of the Royal College for that ill Success which, I think is justly chargeable on himself.

I would advise this Gentleman to new make his History, and let the first Day of Mr. *Hurdman's* Sickness be as it was in Fact, on *Saturday* the 17th of *October*, and from thence pursue and apply the
Ob-

Observations he hath made to the end of it. As bad as such a Talk would be, he could not in Conscience think he deserved a less Punishment.

But to return:

Whatever the Attainments of Apothecaries are or may be, I dare answer for the Majority of them, *particularly for my self, that they would never enter the Province of the Physician if they could well avoid it.* The Belief of the present Age is, that the Apothecary must know something, and that something they expect (for it cost them nothing) and will try before they are willing to give a Fee. *The Use that I make of this Remark is, that since it is so, it behoves the Apothecary to acquire, by all the Means he can, as much Skill in the Art of Healing as he can, that when he is oblig'd to make Use of his Empirice he may not do more Harm than Good; and then, as soon as he can prevail, bring in a regular Physician,*
 whose

whose proper Business it is to heal Diseases. I hope, by this time, I have said what is sufficient to answer the three Questions of this Novel Practitioner: But there remains something to be said to the vile Reflections he casts on Dr. B——r.

After his deceitful Question, Whether it is possible for an ignorant Apothecary to judge rightly of Diseases, Page 25. he says, Quando itaque Medicus quicumque in hujusmodi Hominiis Sententiam omnino cadit spreto alterius medici consilio, quid sentiendum est de tali Medico. Hoc ne facit, bono & honesto Animo, an turpi quadam ratione ductus? Judicent alij.

Will the Statutes of the College allow of such Treatment? But to go on, Unum tamen notandum est, hoc modo Pharmacopœum in loco Medici poni, & Medicum illi Solum modo famularie quando necesse est, vel ea quæ

quæ vult alter, præscribere, vel Ægrum in alius manus tradere, qui obsequiosus magis erit, Dolendum est Medicos flexiles adeo, & obtemperantes in tali casu tam facile reperiri, tali casu, in what Case? Why the Case the Historian hath been describing, he goes in the same abusive way to the End of this Paragraph: And then, An non sapientes omnes credunt nos conjurasse contra hominum Vitas. Will not all wise Men believe that we have entered into a Conspiracy against the Lives of Men? What is the Cause of all this Reproach and Scandal? Why it is, because tho' too late for the Health of the unhappy Patient, a more intelligent Physician was call'd in, who disliked the Method of the first Prescriber. The Doctor goes on, and would now make some Excuse for what he hath said; and that he doth not think any one of the Faculty would willingly poison his Patient, but Casum huncce funestum protuli, orans omnes ut quæ scripsi ante oculos habeant: This is something like a Malefactor's

factor's dying Speech at the Gallows:
 Good People take Warning, &c. Page
 27. He concludes with his Favourite
 Maxim and Excuse, *ex Lædentibus op-*
time discit Medicus; that is, an unlucky
 Commander of a Ship, who hath often
 run upon Rocks, and sometimes lost his
 Ship, may become a better Sailor thereby,
 and know how to steer a safer Course;
 but the Merchant Adventurer will never
 chuse to imploy such a Man, if there is
 an experienc'd Commander to be had,
 whose superior Skill in the Art of Na-
 vigation hath made him always success-
 full; and this latter will have full Im-
 ploy when the former will have nothing
 to do.

Well might Dr. *Beaufort* say, as he
 has it, Page 24. *Ægrum fuisse perditum*
antequam sibi Comissus fuerit ob neg-
lectam boni medæsi Methodum, which was
 no more than what I had told Dr. *Græme*,
 in the Beginning, would come to pass, from
 the Method he had prescribed, and what
 G when

when we met at the Apothecaries Hall on my Lord-Mayor's Day I reminded him of: For which I am so paid off in his History.

I must make an End, or else the Bookseller will raise the Price of this little Book.

What follows, is Mrs. Hurdman's Account of her Husband's Sickness, Signed with her Hand, and another Person that attended him.



The true Account of Mr. Hurdman's Illness, and Proceedings thereon by Dr. Græme, Dec. 10, 1730.

MR. *Hurdman* being on Business at *Vaux-Hall*, came home about Midnight, on *Friday* the 16th of *October* last, and then complain'd that he had not been on the Water above a quarter of an Hour before he found a great Pain in his Neck, and the Small of his Back: He was very restless all that Night.

Saturday, 17. He continued very ill, but strove with his Illness, and went to *Doctors Commons* about Business, but was there so very ill that he was obliged to come home, being hardly able to keep his Eyes open.

Sunday 18. He was very ill all the Day, but however went abroad in a Coach, wrapt up warm, but was forced to return very soon; soon after his Return Dr. *Græme* came to visit the said Mr. *Hurdman*, and finding him ill, told him that he would not prescribe for him that Night, but would call on him the next Morning: He order'd him then to drink Barley Water, with *Rhenish* Wine, and Sack Whey.

Monday 19. Dr. *Græme* came about Noon, order'd Mr. *Hurdman* to rise, and then wrote for him, which Bill was sent to Mr. *Masseys*; the Dr. allowed him to drink Small Beer; he was very ill, and in great Pain, all this Day, and grew worse and worse.

Tuesday 20. About Noon Dr. *Græme* came again, and order'd Mr. *Hurdman* to rise; on his rising Mr. *Hurdman* thought himself better, and Dr. *Græme* told

told him his Pulse was lower much, and his Tongue much better, and allowed him to drink Small Beer, and two Glasses of Sack; on the drinking of which, he declared he would drink no more, for that he found his Fever much increased thereon; but that Night he slept very well, and had Sweats: On this Day Mr. *Masse*y, being sent for, came, and found him so ill, and disliked the Doctor's Proceedings so much, that he declared he would not send in the Things order'd till he had seen the Doctor.

Wednesday 21. Dr. *Græme* came again, and then found Mr. *Hurdman*, as he thought, much better: The Doctor stay'd with him this Afternoon some time; on Mr. *Hurdman*'s going to Bed he found himself much worse, he got no Rest this Night, but had all Night a violent Pain in his Back; during all this time Dr. *Græme* would not suffer him to be let Blood, or Blister'd, though Mr. *Hurdman* all this time desired to bleed.

Thursday

Thursday 22. Dr. *Grime* and Dr. *Beaufort* met, and on Dr. *Beaufort's* ordering Mr. *Hurdman* to be Blooded and Blister'd, Dr. *Grime* shewed a Dislike to the Bleeding, and gave for Reason, that it would bring the Distemper to an Ague, which he might not be able to get off for a Twelvemonth, though there never was observed any Intermision of his Fever, and desired to be excused attending any more as a Physician. Soon after Mr. *Hurdman* was blooded, he declared he found the greatest Relief in the World thereby.

This is a true Account, to the best of my Knowledge: Witness my Hand.

KEZIA HURDMAN,

*I know this to be true from
Tuesday the 20th.*

W. HARDISTY.